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LEBRET, SASK.

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Rev. G. Laviolette, O.M.I., Editor

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Qu'Appelle Indian School, Lebret.

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NEARLY 1600 INDIANS IN ARMED FORCES

One day not long ago, a Cree private showed up before his C.O. at Cochrane, Ont., after being A.W.O.L. for more than a week, accompanied by eight tribesmen, all of whom declared their willingness to don the white man's battle dress. This "peace offering" boosted the redskin enrolment in Canada's armed forces to 1,578. Canadian Indians are among the world's best snipers. And when Gen. Andrew McNaughton goes across the channel the nine Arcand brothers from Alberta's Muskeg Lake reserve, David Yellow Horse, Joe Old Man and Jack Running Rabbit from the same Blackfoot encampment and many other redskins will be right in there aiming to beat records established by such colorful sharpshooters as Corpl. Norwest, Sgt. Clear Sky and Chief Riding Mountain during the 1914 to 1918 show. "They also make excellent scouts and runners," said an officer of Saskatchewan's famed 16-22nd Horse, which has more than 400 on its strength. "They certainly know their way around in rough country."

But since this is a different kind of war than the last, one in which highly mobile columns have replaced the fixed line, Canada's Indians are no longer confined to sniping, scouting and carrying despatches.

They now wield wrenches, man ack-ack and Bren Guns and ride in armored war chariots.

Some have already seen action in raids staged by black-faced commandos on the coasts of Norway and France. The R.C.A.F. has received its quota and three were among the Canadian forces sent to Hong Kong.

Women Take Part

Nor are Indian women sticking to weaving, basket-making and other crafts usually plied by them. At Toronto Technical School the most promising student of last year was Alice Green, a Mohawk from Caledonia, Ont., who enrolled in the draughting class.

Alice has two brothers overseas. One is a mechanician with an armored division, the other an A.A. gunner. And when she entered a war plant she found many sister Indians running lathes and drills.

Other redskin maidens have donned air force blue and army buff. One of the first women to join the Canadian Women's Auxiliary Air Force was Gladys Dreaver, a Six Nations Indian, whose father was a veteran of the last war. Her two brothers already enlisted in this one. A more recent volunteer for this force, Mrs. Charles Bird, from the File Hills reserve near Regina, has a husband and two brothers overseas.

Aid War Charities

Still further aid is coming from Canada's Indians in the form of subscriptions to war loans and outright gifts of cash and resources.

A fund, held in trust for their population of 118,000 at present amounts to \$14,642,345.57, according to reports from the Indian Affairs branch in Ottawa, and they control many resources and local industries. A

Blackfoot band in Alberta, for instance, operate a coal mine on their reservation. Another reserve comprising 7,000 square miles of Northern Ontario bush country, has recently been stocked with beaver. In Manitoba, the population of an Indian-owned muskrat farm has increased during the past year from 650 to 65,000. In the North West Territories approximately a half million square miles is set aside as a game preserve where Indians may hunt, fish and trap.

"I am too old to fight but I want to do what I can to help," declared ancient Alex Jeremie, a treaty Indian living at Fort Fitzgerald, North West Territories, when he purchased two \$100 Victory Bonds. This same spirit was shown by a band of Crees living near Nelson House, Man., who decided they could get along without their treaty money for the duration.

Red Cross Favorite

Perhaps because of its name, the Red Cross appears to be the redmans' favorite war charity, for contributions have been pouring in from reservations all over Canada. The Six Nations council, near Brantford, has given over \$1,000 to aid the work of this organization.

The Blackfoot band of southern Alberta ranks second with a contribution of \$1 per head, amounting to \$850. One of the most notable gifts of all came from the Old Crows, Canada's most northerly group. Last summer, Chief ePter Moses and a number of his band trekked across the boundary into Alaska to sell their furs. On returning to Old Crow the chief called a meeting, told his councillors that he understood the orphans of London were suffering acutely from air raids, and needed help. Many agreed to chip in and when he had collected from 36 of them the old man put \$432 in a red handkerchief and took it to the R.C.-M.P. officer on duty at Old Crow.

ENDS SERVICE WITH THE INDIAN DEPT.

Wednesday, Sept. 23rd, marked the end of a long faithful service with the Dept. of Indian Affairs for Mr. J. W. Waddy, Indian Agent at Touchwood Agency. Mr. Waddy had served 31 years with the Department. In January 1912 he was appointed at the Morley Agency for the Stoney Indians of Alberta. In 1918 he was Agent at The Pas Manitoba, and was transferred at the Touchwood Agency in 1929.

His successor is Mr. R. F. Davis, from the Carlton Agency. Mr. Davis was Agent at Qu'Appelle before he went to Carlton.

INDIAN SOLDIER WAR PRISONER

Pte. George Obey, Pasqua I.R., reported missing following the raid on Dieppe is now reported prisoner of war in Germany. He is the son of Robert Obey. He enlisted with the S. Sask. Regiment in Aug. 1941, and went to England in April 1942.

**BUFFALO BOW****CHIEF BEN PASQUA**

For express purpose of putting on canvass the pictorial Indian encampment at the exhibition grounds and some of the earliest of the native sons visiting the fair Mrs. Mildred Valley Thornton, Vancouver, prolonged by a few days a holiday visit to Regina. For 20 years this was Mrs. Thornton's home and many old-timers Monday had a welcome for her. These pictures are photographic reproductions of Mrs. Thornton's work. Chief Pasqua was introduced to the grandstand crowds Monday night.

(Courtesy, Regina Leader Post).

LEBRET INDIAN SCHOOL DIARY

School reopened September 8th with over 200 pupils in attendance. The later arrivals swelled the number to nearly 250. Changes in the staff include: Mr. J. Herperger, teacher for the Senior boys; Mr. M. Bedard, B.A., for the Junior boys. An ex-pupil, Mr. J. L. Desnomie is assistant supervisor for the boys. Rev. Fr. Beauchamp, O.M.I., is also residing here since the middle of the month.

On Sept. 22nd the children presented their wishes to the Principal on the occasion of his 49th birthday. The band was in attendance, and the chorus, under the direction of Mr. Bedard sang the welcome song.

Rev. Fr. H. Desrochers, O.M.I., preached the annual retreat to the children on Sept. 29 and 30.

The Junior Red Cross branches are at work again. Three groups have had their election of officers. The Hiawatha branch elected the Misses Doris Goodwill, Pres.; Isobel Tuckanow, Vice-Pres.; and Therese Desnomie, Treasurer. The Winona branch chose the Misses Helen Crowe, Pres.; Mary Duta, Vice-Pres.; and Dora Creely, Treasurer. The Hugonard branch elected: Thomas Sandy, Pres.; Allen Goodwill, Vice-Pres.; and Patrick Bellegarde, Treasurer.

Our sympathies to one of our pupils, Miss Mary Whitecap, from the Assiniboine Reserve, who lost her mother on September 17th. Mrs. Whitecap died at home after a long illness. Her husband, Samuel Whitecap is serving in the Veterans' Guard at Moose Jaw.

ECLIPSE OF SUN STOPPED REVOLT

An eclipse of the sun kept the Qu'Appelle Indians of the early days out of the first Riel Rebellion.

It's a strange bit of western plains history that was enacted on Long Lake near the Little Arm River, not far from where Regina now stands.

It was the time of the first Riel Rebellion, better known perhaps as the Red River Rebellion, during the year 1869 and 1870.

Riel had set up his provisional government at Fort Garry, and the white settlers of the plains were in a panicky state because of the uncertainty of events to come.

Over on the Little Arm River, near its mouth, where it runs into Long Lake, was a camp of Indians, buffalo hunters. With them was Pascal Briland, noted plainsman and afterwards a member of the northwest Council. His job was to keep the Indians of the encampment quiet and away from the Red River outbreak. The encampment, incidentally, was near the site of Regina Beach, some 42 miles north of Regina.

In the encampment was old Mrs. Peter Hourie, a member of the famous family well known in Saskatchewan's history. She had an old almanac which, being able to read, she took considerable delight in perusing.

She discovered that an eclipse was due. She foretold that the earth would be darkened and that the sun would be blotted out.

The Indians scoffed and jeered.

Slowly but surely at the time she had indicated the eclipse took place.

Inch by inch the sun was blotted out. The Indians were thunderstruck. Then the eclipse passed. Mrs. Hourie became a person of great veneration.

The Indians hearkened to her and to Briland.

And that's one reason, according to old records and the memories of pioneers, why the Qu'Appelle Indians kept out of the first Riel Rebellion.

FORT FRANCES INDIAN SCHOOL DIARY

June 21—The parishioners having been informed of the departure of Sr. St. Christine, who had devoted herself as Superior during the past six years, decided to show their gratitude by gathering together to wish her farewell. The children presented her with a framed landscape and a box of painted cards. Sister, in return, distributed little souvenirs among them.

June 28—School closes for the summer term.

July 2—It is with sorrow that we register the accidental drowning of one of our little boys, Douglas Perrault. Yet it is consoling to learn from his parents that the very day of his death he had expressed his desire to receive Holy Communion on the morrow, the iFrst Friday of the month. One of the first communicants of last June, he edified all by his fervor. R.I.P. We offer our sympathies to the bereaved parents.

July 6—We are happy to announce the reception into the Church of Mr. Henderson. He had the great happiness of making his First Communion shortly before his death. He was the father of two of our school children.

Aug. 12—Our new Superior, Sr. Juliette Trudeau arrived, accompanied by Rev. Sr. Ritchot, the Provincial Assistant who passed a few days with us. They are both heartily welcomed.

Aug. 18—The most outstanding feature of these last two months was the men's closed retreat which took place here from the 14th to 17th. About thirty men followed these exercises with great generosity. For many of them, it was a new experience, but one, however, which all wish to renew in the near future. Our people were well represented. The preacher was Rev. Fr. Desrochers from Gravelbourg College. We were edified to witness the punctuality and zeal with which they observed all the retreat rules.

Aug. 23 and 30—The picnic held by the Knights of Columbus and the regular annual picnic under the auspices of the Ladies of St. Ann were held on the school grounds. Both were highly successful.

Sept. 1—School reopened for the new term. The children were all pleased to return but heard with regret that Sr. A. Boulet, Sr. G. Lalande and Sr. A. Leclair have been called away to other missions, but welcome in our midst Sr. Choiselat, Sr. C. Sabourin and Sr. Simone Charette who have come to replace them.

Sept. 10—We regret that Sister Margt. A. Gilbert's ill-health obliges her to take a complete rest for a few months so we welcome Sr. Catherine Barton who is replacing her temporarily.

—The Correspondent.

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"Man with Beautiful Soul"

(Reprinted with special permission from "Columbia", Feb. '41)

"God! What a world to conquer!" The words of Father Lacombe, O.M.I., the "Black Robed Voyageur", the first of that great body of Oblates of Mary Immaculate who built up the Church in the Canadian West.

The nondescript prairie train of carts and covered wagons, of oxen, Indians and yelping dogs, was completing its last mile before entering the prairie settlement of Pembina, in Ruper's Land; the journey from St. Paul, Minn., had seemed long and the route torturous and at the end of it all an alert young man attired in a dusty old soutane swept the plains with a pair of darkest eyes and exclaimed, almost in sibilant whisper, "God! What a world to conquer!"

It was the advent to the Great West of as humble a personage as ever came out of little St. Sulpice, beneath the sun-kissed hills of Quebec's Laurentians; a benevolent, kindly, resourceful soul, whose name became as indelibly associated with the Canadian west as are the lardly Rockies, the wild Fraser River or the sweeping Illecillewaet—Albert Lacombe—who knew the Indians well and spoke the language; he was neither the first nor the last missionary to the domain beyond Rupert's Land, but his name will endure long after others are forgotten and if posterity adds to the many monuments already erected to his memory it may appropriately be that of a priest standing atop a flat rock, his crucifix in his right hand and his broad hat in the other, silhouetted against the rising sun, talking to a group of eager-eyed Indians — men, women and papooses — "The black-robed rider of the plains!"

"Riders of the Plains" is an aphorism generally accepted as symbolizing the red and gold and glamour of the Canadian Mounted Police, a courageous and intrepid constabulary unit whose enforcement of the law from the Montana boundary to the Arctic circle is something of an epic in American history; a hard-riding, quick-shooting corps gathered from the four corners of the world, princes and plebians, disciplined, two-fisted frontiersmen whose inflexible mandate was to establish a workable code of laws and something of citizenship in that wild and expansive Canadian west. There were neither standards nor gauges for precedent; never had there been anything like the "Mounties" before, never has there been anything quite like them since. They not only represented the law—they were the law!

Hitherto those rolling plains had been the undisputed domain, some said the happy hunting ground, of the Blackfeet, Crees, Metis, Sarcees and other dark-skinned denizens of that vast Western Canadian terrain, few of them civilized, with no higher motive in this life than to engage in the annual buffalo hunt, to live out the nomadic career of their race and to carry on a constant tribal warfare. As to a supernatural existence, their primitive minds found sufficient surcease in the belief that the Northern Lights represented the living spirit of their fathers and the medicine man was their god. Wild and savage, on the move and on the alert, scalping was an art, buffalo hunting was big business and polygamy was the

general belief and practice. That is how Père Albert Lacombe found them when his creaking caravan rolled up the virgin valley of the muddy Red River at a time when those Western Plains boasted more buffalo than they did people—and for the most part the people were Indian.

It is doubtful if any man, lay or cleric, witnessed more kaleidoscopic changes in the physical, cultural or religious aspects of Canada's great west than did this humble missionary whom the Indians devoutly named "Man-With-Beautiful-Soul," certainly no man in Canadian history so intimately associated himself with those constant and epoch-making changes. Another writer in another place says appropriately of the great yet humble Father Lacombe, "through all the formative period of the Canadian West the figure of youth rounding into maturity and bending into old age stands silhouetted, in imperious lines or again with tender charm, against the pages of western history."

The shadows were lengthening one peaceful Sunday afternoon in 1840 as the habitant farmer of old Quebec spread his gaze over his acres that extended far back to the winding and inviting L'Assomption River. He was poor in this world's goods, yet his peace of mind was abundant, for his children were healthy and rosy-cheeked, his crops were sufficient for their needs and was not his wife from the honorable house of the Duhamels — Agathe Duhamel — descendant of a former Duhamel maiden who had been carried into captivity over one hundred years earlier by an Ojibway chief and bore two sons before she was recaptured and restored to the Duhamels of Saint Sulpice? The habitat farmer was Albert Lacombe, representative of the distinctive characters who are legendary in Quebec's history, neither rich nor poor, but happy and content and through the veins of the comely, dark-skinned wife who shared his hopes and his peace of mind coursed a little Indian blood, because she was descended from one of those sons whose father was an Ojibway chieftain, a circumstance that perhaps explains in part why the subject of this brief narrative traveled far to find the Western tribes and then devoted his life and his talents towards spreading plentifully among them the fruitful seeds of citizenship and Christianity.

Into that happy family group strolled the rotund and ever-welcome figure of the curé of nearby St. Sulpice who seated himself familiarly on the top step at the front door and inquired of the crops, of the children and of madam; they discussed the ultimate effects of the uprising of Papineau in Lower Canada, and the revolution planned by William Lyon McKenzie in Upper Canada, yet the while they talked the eyes of the curé, Monsieur de Viau, rested affectionately upon a ten-year-old boy who stood by the crude gate of spruce poles and gazed wistfully toward the distant blue of the Laurentians.

The good curé had always shown particular attachment for the boy who was swarthy like his

mother, who served his Mass early in the morning, who picked stones on the rough farm and did menial chores about the place until the idea of accepting farming as a life work became the most repellent of all his boyish thoughts. Two avocations and two characters impressed him deeply—the priesthood as symbolized by Curé Viau and the life of a voyageur as represented in the tales he had so often heard of his grand uncle, Joseph Lacombe.

Addressing the boy as "mon petit sauvage," because of his bronzed skin and coal-black hair, the good curé queried pleasantly, "My little Indian, what are you going to do?"

What could be done? He turned for answer to his father and the latter replied promptly enough, "Albert would go to college, but I need his help and I have no money for teachers and books."

"Do you want very much to go to college?" asked the kindly old priest and the boy gazing up at him through misty eyes could make no reply except to grasp the hand of the kindly curé and press it to his cheek. That was the inauspicious beginning of a career that brought the ten-year-old boy of that June day in 1840 into strange places and conditions, to sleep in turn amid the tepees of the savage Blackfeet and the gilded palaces of European Kings, to starve with his Crees and Metis and to dine at the board of Canada's Governors-General, to be the emissary of the Western hierarchy to Rome, to dot what was once Rupert's Land and the Northwest Territories plentifully with monuments to his name, his deeds and his indomitable will—to become for an hour president of the world's largest transportation system. In large measure he was one of the important foundation builders of Canada's great western domain, his labors extending from Gaspé to the Pacific and from the Montana border to the illimitable Arctic wastes.

Among the early classmates of Albert Lacombe at the famed and venerable college of L'Assomption there were those who discerned unusual characteristics in the rustic lad; one was Edouard Fabre, who assisted him constantly with his studies and encouraged his priestly ambitions. The able and saintly Fabre subsequently became Archbishop of Montreal and the bronze figure erected to his memory by a grateful people still stands majestically in one of the city squares. The two students remained constant friends throughout their lives. As young Lacombe grew in years and stature his youthful mind continued to be filled and fired with enthusiasm for the missionary field; it became his meteor, his consuming desire.

Thus, following his ordination at St. Hyacinthe in 1849, the Bishop and priests clustered about him one evening to participate in the ancient ritual of kissing the feet of the departing missionary and bidding him Godspeed in his wide peregrinations far from the main stream of events, to the end that the full meaning of mercy and justice and the brotherhood of man might be more fully appreciated and understood.

Out of the unpretentious little harbor of Lachine, whose lapping waters once knew Maisonneuve, Champain, Frontenac and LaSalle, sailed the primitive old side-wheeler in the late summer of 1849 with the much-bewildered Father Lacombe abroad,

destined for the far-off mission field of Western Canada. When Ignatius sailed from Venice to Cyprus on his way to Jerusalem he was astounded at the crudities and vulgarity of the sailors on the man-o-war. But those brave old pirates were calm and cultured compared to what Father Lacombe experienced three hundred years later on that journey from Lachine to Buffalo; the motley crew did about everything but throw him overboard and they termed his soutane a "petticoat," a serious affront to his sensitive nature.

From Dubuque, Iowa, he steamed up the Mississippi, bound for St. Paul, Minn., the last post of civilization before venturing upon the trackless and almost unknown and uncharted domain that was then the Canadian Northwest Territories. The steamboat whistle shrieked and an old sailor called out shrilly, "This is Pig's Eye, sir!" It was St. Paul, then about as unpretentious a place as the sailor's ugly name for it, a scattered settlement of log houses on the side of a hill, yet the path which Father Lacombe climbed that day from the boat landing to the little log home of Father Ravoux is today one of St. Paul's busiest thoroughfares; in fact, one of Minnesota's most influential daily newspapers is there published from an impressive building that graces the site of the 18-foot square cabin occupied then by the clergy as combination chapel and residence.

Of course, the young Canadian missionary must tarry there until the Red River cart train was ready for the perilous journey and, looking around curiously, he inquired, "But where shall I sleep?" To his utter amazement he was assigned to a coffin in the corner of the room. The resident priest had helped make the coffin for a half-breed just a few days before; the specifications were awry, the Indian was too long; they made another, "but I kept this for a spare bed," explained Father Ravoux, rather amused at the young missionary's discomfiture.

(To be concluded)

INDIAN INTELLECT

For a long time the merchants couldn't figure out why they should be selling so many of the things.

The population didn't seem to be increasing to that extent.

But nevertheless the orders kept coming in and the merchants kept sending their orders in turn to the wholesalers down east.

This was back in the eighties and the wholesalers probably wondered what kind of people had settled out on the prairies, but it was none of their business even though good for business, so they filled the orders and happily forwarded the shipments.

Peculiar part of the whole thing to the local people, was that the purchases were being made by Indians, and one old timer, figuring the Indians had been taken in by some shrewd salesman, decided to make some enquiries of the Indian agent while visiting a reservation.

The agents' wife took the inquisitive one to a sort of communal storehouse where she showed him row upon row of these articles filled with preserves stored away for the winter.

What were the Indians buying, Jerry?

EDITORIAL

YOUR PARISH CHURCH

Even things invaluable and indispensable are often not appreciated at their proper worth. A case in this point is the value of your parish church, or of your mission chapel. Although we know that God could confer nothing greater upon a creature than the gift of true faith, how many of us have stopped to think that the parish priest and the parish church are indispensable for the acquisition of these heavenly graces and favors?

There are a few facts which should be brought home to our readers. They should consider their parish church or their mission chapel as the veritable "House of God and Gate of Heaven" (Geen. 28:17). It is there that God receives His children, teaches them, forgives their sins, feeds their souls, buries their dead. The sacrament of Baptism is generally administered in the church; the ceremonies accompanying its administration call for a formal admission into the church, symbol of the admission into the body of the Church of Christ. Having become children of God through baptism you must be taught about God; this knowledge is imparted officially by the parish priest as accurately as by Christ Himself. The supernatural life received in baptism can be lost, but it will be regained in the confessional of your parish church. Holy Communion is given to you in the church, during the most august sacrifice you can conceive: Mass, which cannot be offered outside a church. Confirmation is also administered in church; so is the marriage ceremony which is a sacrament. And after your death your remains are brought to the parish church for a last blessing whilst the Sacrifice of the Mass is offered for the repose of the departed soul. Is there, therefore, a house more noble and more important in your whole spiritual life, than your parish church?

Why are we so little appreciative of the benefits received in our parish church? It is easy to understand that in unorganized districts where the population is too scattered or too poor to allow for the erection of the humblest Temple of God that one can misunderstand the true meaning and the importance of a parish church. But fortunately there are very few districts nowadays where there is not a church. The great zeal of our Bishops and Missionaries has always been directed, even at the cost of great personal sacrifices, to the erection of suitable places of worship.

There is a sad neglect from the part of many even to notice that they have at their disposal a parish church or a mission chapel. They show this utterly gross ignorance by consistently keeping away from their church. Sunday Mass does not mean a thing to them; they wait for their priest to visit them at home, instead of bringing their children to church to be baptized. Some who do come to church, come once or twice a year, at Christmas and at Easter perhaps. But then they will most frequently abstain from performing their Easter duties. Some of our so-called Catholics go to church only when they are carried in for the Requiem Mass, and then it is too late.

The churches are erected for the glory of God and for the service of His divine religion. We must all worship God; that is why we are created. The Master

and Creator of all things has willed it so. We exist only through His divine will; we remain in existence only through His divine Providence which looks after us from day to day. Can we be thankful to our God for this? Can't we render Him the praises due to Him by obeying His divine commands. Are we to stay away forever from the source of all grace? God is greatly honoured and glorified in the churches in two ways. First by His continued presence, second by the infinite value of the form of Catholic worship which is of divine institution. "I have loved, writes the prophet David, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth." The statues, the pictures, the ornaments of the church elevate our minds to God; the holy water, the incense, the candles are symbols of the grace of God.

Therefore take the firm resolution never to miss Mass on Sunday. This is the best form of worship, and the best way to sanctify the Lord's day. After six days of the week have been devoted to our worldly interests, to pleasure, we can at least devote one day, and especially a few hours of that day to the interests of our souls, to the purification of our hearts, to intimate communion with God. One who refuses to listen to the commandment of God: "Remember that thou keep holy the sabbath day" separates himself far from God and from heaven. —Be on time for Mass. It is necessary that you be on time for Mass so that you can prepare your souls for the great Sacrifice that is about to be offered. It is gross impoliteness towards God to be deliberately late at attending the prayer that pleases Him most. If you were invited to a banquet or a feast, no doubt you would be there ahead of time; why is it that when time comes to go to Church you find a thousand and one things to do on Sunday morning, if you do not stay in bed all morning because you have been up most of the night on the Saturday? And instead of staying outside the church talking and smoking until the very last minute, come in, sign yourselves with holy water and kneeling in your pew, put yourselves in the presence of God, whose sacrifice you are about to witness. Bring your prayer books, or if you cannot read, bring your rosaries. Unite yourselves to the singing of the Mass and have a active share in the sacrifice of the altar.

And then what do you do for your parish church? Are you really proud of it? Do you show this love for your church by being generous for its upkeep? Think seriously about these things; show a little gratefulness to God for His manifold gifts, and God will give you a reward a hundred times worth the little sacrifices you will have performed for his temple.

—G. L., O.M.I.

CHURCH CALENDAR

- OCTOBER 18—St. Luke, Evangelist. 21st Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: Unforgiving Servant. Matt. 18:23-35.
- OCTOBER 25th—Christ the King. 22nd Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: Jesus affirms His Royalty. John 18:33-37.
- NOVEMBER 1st—All Saints Day.
Gospel: Sermon on the Mount. Matt. 5:1-12.
Gospel: Seed and Cockle. Matt. 13:24-30.
- NOVEMBER 8th—24th Sunday after Pentecost.
- NOVEMBER 15th—25th Sunday after Pentecost.
Gospel: Grain of Mustard Seed. Matt. 13:31-35.

CATHOLIC FAITH

CHAPTER 7.—St. Peter, Head of the Church

"And I say to thee: Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matt. XVI, 18).

"Behold, I lay in Sion a chief cornerstone, elect and precious; and he that shall believe in him, shall not be confounded." (I Pet. 2:6).

The protestant historian, Lord Macaulay, writes: "The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of supreme Pontiffs. The line we trace back in unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The Republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor."

This is very true; but the line of the Popes is not lost in "the twilight of fable", but it is traceable directly to St. Peter, whom Christ constituted the first Pope. The promise of Christ that the gates of hell shall not prevail against His Church lives on in the Faith of the Church. It lives in the conviction of Catholics that the Pope, as successor of St. Peter, is the Supreme Pontiff of the New Law, and the heir of the divine promises.

The Promise

As a visible organization the Church must have a visible head; Christ deemed it proper to select a visible vicar to represent Him. The choice fell on St. Peter. Read St. Matthew 16:13-19 and note carefully how the Church was to be built. And on the same occasion Our Saviour repeated and enlarged on His promise, saying: "And I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven." (Matt. 16:19). The Church of Christ is the Kingdom of Heaven, and St. Peter holds the keys to that kingdom. It was evident, therefore, that when Christ promised Peter the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, it was equivalent to saying to him: "It will make you to be the head of the Church."

The Fulfillment

After the Resurrection Our Saviour fulfilled what He had promised; asking Peter three times: "Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me?" He then said: "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep." (Cf. John XXI, 15). In the Greek language (from which this is translated), the word "feed" means the same as to rule or to govern. Over the flock, therefore, Peter was appointed shepherd. The Apostles recognized the supremacy of Peter. In the Gospels Peter is always mentioned first; the Acts of the Apostles tell how Peter immediately after the Ascension assumed leadership of the Apostles, and how he presided over the assembly which elected Matthias to take the traitor's vacant place. It was he who preached first on Pentecost, he performed the first miracle. At first Saint Peter presided over the bishopric of Antioch, then went to Rome, from where he guided the Church for twenty years. And it is because St. Peter was bishop of Rome at the time of his death that his legitimate successors have the distinction of primacy, or supreme authority over the Universal Church.

The Successors of St. Peter

The word "Pope" comes from the latin "Papa" or Father, and since the Popes rule over the Holy Church of God they are called "Holy Father." The Popes, in every age in which they lived, have excercised authority in the same way as did St. Peter from the day Jesus ascended into heaven. The authority abides not in the man but in the office. Thus the authority of St. Peter passed on to his successors down in an unbroken line to our own reigning Pontiff, Pope Pius the Twelfth, who is the two hundredth and sixty-first Pontiff since the time of St. Peter. It is a matter of historical evidence that the Popes have at all times excercised the same supreme authority over the Church as Peter did in the beginning of her existence.

Although the authority of the Popes has been impugned from the beginning, it does not follow that thereby the existence of such authority does not exist. The authority of the Popes has been opposed only by the Church's undutiful sons who grew impatient of the Gospel yoke. "He that is not with Me, says the Lord, is against Me; and he that gathereth not with Me, scattereth." Then, again, reason demands unity for the Church, which unity cannot be made possible without one supreme head. God owes it to His Providence and divine wisdom to give His Church a visible head or chief to preserve intact the deposit of faith and guide the faithful until the end of time.

Temporal Power

The first possessions of the Church were given to her by Constantine in 324 A.D. When, in 327, Constantine moved the Capital of the Empire to the East, he left Rome to the Popes; and when, later, the governors of Italy were unable to repulse the hordes of barbarians the people appealed to the Pope for protection. Thus the Papal states came into existence, and besides being spiritual rulers of the Christian world, the Popes were also temporal rulers over the Papal states for 1,100 years. (From 754 until 1870 when King Emmanuel of Italy invaded the Papal States).

After sixty years of strained relations the Italian Government agreed on a new Papal State (160 acres in area), where the Pope would be once more a free man, with complete liberty of action. This freedom is demanded by the nature of the Pope's mission; that is to exercise his supreme spiritual authority over his spiritual subjects scattered all over the world, without interference from any temporal power.

—G. L., O.M.I.

TROUBLE TODAY

Men are no longer objecting to the Church because of the way they think, but because of the way they live. They no longer have difficulty with Her Creed, but with Her commandments. They remain outside her saving waters, not because they cannot accept the doctrine of Three Persons in One God, but because they cannot accept the moral of two persons in one flesh; not because infallibility is too complex, but because avoidance of Birth Control is too hard; not because the Eucharist is too sublime, but because Penance is too exacting. Briefly, the heresy of our day is not the heresy of thought, it is the heresy of fiction. —Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen.

? THE QUESTION BOX ?

How do we receive divine grace?

We receive Divine Grace, at the very outset in the Sacrament of Baptism. Sacred Scripture bears this out. "According to His mercy," says St. Paul. "He saved us by the laver of regeneration and renovation of the Holy Ghost that, being justified by His Grace, we may be heirs of life everlasting" (Titus 3, 5). "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God" said Our Lord in St. John's Gospel 3, 5. By being born according to the laws of nature man begins his natural life in this world; by the spiritual birth of Baptism he begins his supernatural life in the Church. By natural birth, he is of the race of Adam; by this spiritual birth he is born of the race of Christ and made a Christian. All the rest of the Sacraments either increase Sanctifying Grace in the soul or restore it if lost by mortal sin. Prayer, good work, and the holy sacrifice of the Mass are so many means to preserve and increase this Life of God in the soul of man.

A friend asked me why we say prayers before and after meals. Please explain.

"Whether you eat or drink or whatsoever else you do, do all to the glory of God," St. Poul writes in this manner to the Corinthians (I Cor. 10, 31). We trace this custom of saying prayers before and after meals all the way back to the Apostles. That this custom was common practice among the first Christians is evident from the writers of the early Church. Back in the third century Clement of Alexandria wrote that "before taking nourishment, it is fitting to praise the Creator of all things" and "it is proper to sing His praises when we take as food the things created by Him. In the same century Tertullian witnesses to the practise of the Christians. "We do not dine until we have prayed to God," he writes. "In like manner prayer ends the feast." The example set by our forefathers in the Faith back in the very time of Christ is what we are following when we say prayers before and after meals. A practise so long established in men's hearts has long since become part and parcel of our Catholic life.

In an argument one maintains that all men will go to heaven, will they?

Those who live without God in this life cannot expect to live with God in life eternal. Our Lord himself has told us, "Not every man that saith to me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that doth the Will of My Father who is in Heaven, he shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven" (Matt. 7, 21). The teaching of the great St. Augustine on this point was: "Though God has brought us into this world without consulting us about it, he will not save us without our co-operation." Our co-operation is absolutely necessary. "He who doth the Will of My Father, he shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." A good life, freedom from sin, the state of Sanctifying Grace, wholehearted obedience to Christ and to the Church that he established in this world: These are the keys that unlock the portals of Paradise and these are the glories of life that fit us for the abode of the Blessed in Heaven.

THE LIFE OF JESUS

Healing of one sick with the palsy.

Agami sakahigan, missakamik anicinabek Jesus-san o ki piawan.

Pitcinak tegucininit o ki akackawawan kaye o ki ani akwawan, sakahigan ani pimajakamenit.

Ningotokun metas Capharnauming otenang ki pi iji ajegiwe. Pitcinak kekendagwatnik to tagocing, anicinabek ki pi apahitiwok. Ka ijiniwad, kawin ki tepackinahitissiwok wakahiganing, aye apucke ima tewanik tcigickandem agwatcing. Jesus dac ki api gagiwit. Pharisenyak kaye onacuwewininiwok kaye winawa, ima peco epinit, tessabiwining ki apiwok; Jerusaleming ki pi ondossegubanik kaye kaina otenansing Galilewaking akye Judewaking ondji.

Tebendjiket ogackiewisiwin tci modjimohiwet ima ki tagonini. Megwa oho ayinagamikak, niwin inimikow ki pi tagocinok, piminikawat mayandjikosinit nipewining cengicininit. Nitam wi kakwe, pindike-wok Jesussan wi awi pakitinamawat. Gackitossikwadae osam patanininit anicinaben, wakitikamig ki akwandawewok kaye ka pakomepitowat wakiteaihi ima Jesussan ejanit, mi ima ka ondji pindike pakitinawat mendjikosinit kiki onipewnnini kaye Jesussan ejisitepinit o ki assani.

Wabamat epitci songi-debwewakendaminit Jesus oho o ki inan mayandjikosinit: "Songi-appenimon, ni nidjanis, ki matcendowinan ki pakitendamakowis." Pharisenyak kaye ojibihigewininiwok kimot oho ki ayinendamok: "Awenen nanda waha? anin ekitod? Osami matci ikito . . . Awenen ke gackitoban matcendowinan tci pakitendamak et? Kije Manitou etta." Jesus kikendang enendaminit: "Anicwin o ki inan, anamite wendji iji matci ayinendamek. Anin ihi ntwat wayendak, tci inind memandjikosit—"ki pakitendamakowis ki matcendowinan—" kema oho tci inind: Pasikwin, otapinan ki nipewinic ambe pimosind?" Nache so tci ondji pakitendamaket matcendowinan genonat memandjikosinit: "Ki gagansomin, pasikwin, ki nipewinic otapinan kaye endayan ani ajigiwen."

Cemak ayakosiban ki pasigwi o ki otapinan o ni-pewinic ima cengicinginan, kaye mijica kakina wabamikot ki anigiwe, pekic mamikwasomat Manitou. Segisiwat kaye mamakatendamowat anicinabek ejiwat o ki mamikwasomawan Kije Manitou ki minanit ininiwan ihi tci iji gackiewisinit; endaciwat ki aikitowak epitci mamakatendamowad;—"Geget non-gum kitci mamakatamik ki ki iji wabandaman kawin wiwa maci awyia oho o ki iji wabandansin."

That man never grows old who keeps a child in his heart.

It is doing some service to humanity to amuse innocently. And they know very little of society, who think we can bear to be always employed, either in duties or meditations, without any relaxation.